

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE

BROKEN HOME

(LILIAN AND JOE.)

Words and Music by Will H. Fox.

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Music of this Song sent on receipt of 20 cents, in 1 or 2 ct. stamps, by
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The churchbells they were ringing, the choir was sweetly singing,
In a far New England village just two short years ago;
The flowers they were blooming, the birds in tree-tops tuning,
Two hearts had been united fair Lilian and Joe.
The husband he toiled daily and happy was their lot,
He lov'd his wife and baby, his vows he ne'er forgot;
One day a former sweetheart came and finding him away,
Through flattery and promises Joe's love was led astray.

CHORUS.

There's her picture on the table, there's a baby in the cradle,
There's a husband crying bitterly alone,
There's no wife's voice to cheer, in his sorrow to be near,
What was Paradise is now a broken home.

His eyes are dim with weeping, yet faithful watch he's keeping,
O'er his precious little treasure for whom his heart doth moan;
Forgetting all dishonor which she had brought upon her,
For baby's sake he'd gladly forgive if she'd come home.
Oh, why do people falter and lose all self-respect,
For vows made at the altar and make their lives a wreck?
These questions Joe has asked himself, with heart heavy as lead,
And baby's smile prevents him from being number'd with the dead.

CHORUS.

There's her picture on the table, there's a baby in the cradle,
There's a husband crying bitterly alone,
There's no wife's voice to cheer, in his sorrow to be near,
What was Paradise is now a broken home.

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